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The text given on the preceding page is the complete newspaper account of what is reported on p. 3 of the 11-18-81 issue of NP under "Pioneer Day: August 27, 1915." This clipping was found by Wyman Terrell and given to Alice Lund who gave it to Barb & me to copy. What a find! a heretofore missing text!

PIONEER DAY OFFICERS

The first president of Pioneer Day was Earl Melville Peck, the first vice president was W. E. Rude. Following the death of Earl Melville Peck, on November 19, 1923, W. E. Rude was elected President, and Earl Melville Peck's son, Emmons L. Peck, was elected vice-president. This information about the presidents and vice presidents of Pioneer Day was learned from the minutes of the 1941 Pioneer Day celebration. Contained in those minutes is a text entitled, "In Appreciation," written by Lois (Norton) Curtis. The first paragraph of that text reads as follows: "Twenty-six years ago 'Pioneer Day' was first established with E. M. Peck as President and W. E. Rude as Vice Pres. After the passing of E. M. Peck to his eternal Home in 1923, W. E. Rude was elected Pres. and Mr. Peck's son, Emmons L. Peck, was elected Vice Pres." The first secretary-treasurer of Pioneer Day was Lois Norton Curtis, who, be it known, was secretary-treasurer for all of the Pioneer Day celebrations held in Clinton Township. We are all very much indebted to Lois (Norton) Curtis, not only for having recorded virtually all of the information that is known about Clinton Township's Pioneer Days, but also for having recorded, gathered and preserved a vast quantity of information about the history of Wayne County.

PIONEER DAY: AUGUST 27, 1915

Among the historical documents collected by Lois T. (Norton) Curtis is a one-page, typewritten text that was--or was perhaps intended to be--a newspaper article about the 1915 Pioneer Day celebration. It is from a xerographic copy of that one-page text in Lois Curtis' document archive that S. Robert Powell typed the copy that is given below.

1915

BRIEF HISTORY OF EARLY SETTLERS AND MINISTERS.

(Flint Memorial Dedicated)

Nearly four hundred (400) men, women and children attended the dedication exercises of the monument erected in honor of the early settlers of Clinton township and the founders and ministers of Clinton Baptist Church, on August 27, at the Clinton Church.

A bountiful dinner was served by the ladies of the society, at noon.

The monument is a natural flint conglomerate from the mountain west of the Church, weighing about six (6) tons, standing on a concrete foundation, all costing nearly ($150.00) One Hundred and Fifty dollars.

The following are the names inscribed on the bronze tablet:

IN MEMORY OF
THE EARLY SETTLERS
OF THIS TOWNSHIP
AND THE FOUNDERS AND
MINISTERS OF THE
CLINTON BAPTIST CHURCH

NORTON	REV. ELIJAH PECK
GRENNELL	REV. JOHN SMITZER
NORTH	REV. HORACE JONES
WEST	REV. CHAS. H. HUBBARD
GAYLORD	REV. ALEX. SMITH
GRISWOLD	REV. CHARLES A. FOX
PECK	REV. HENRY CURTIS
Mc MULLEN	REV. GEO. V. WALLING
LOOMIS	REV. JOSEPH CURREN
LEDYARD	REV. JAMES SPENCER
BUNTING	REV. D. P. PURDON
SAUNDERS	REV. B. B. BUNTING
DAVENPORT	REV. J. R. REMSEN
ARNOLD	REV. JAMES RAINEY

ERECTED 1915

The Chairman of the monument committee, E. M. Peck, after speaking of the consummation of the plans for the memorial called on Mrs. Laura Loomis, a daughter of Francis Griswold, and the oldest living descendant present (About eighty nine) to remove the flag of the United States with which the monument was veiled.

The Prayer was offered by Rev. Geo. S. Wendell, pastor of the Baptist Church of Honesdale which was followed by an offering of laurel wreaths by young girls and boys, fourteen (14) in number, representing the fifth and sixth generations of the families named on the tablet. Laurel well becomes a victor, and the early families were victorious in more senses than one, over the wilderness, their own lives and in the influence they exerted over the lives of the oncoming generations.

A brief history of the first settlers of our township, and the families and ministers was given by the chairman which follows:

Coming together as we do in memory of the early settlers of our township, and the families and ministers of the Clinton Baptist Church, causes us to try to recall the conditions of those days when this country was nearly a wilderness.

We do well to honor their names by erecting this lasting and natural monument which represents their rugged and stable characters.

[The remainder of E. M. Peck's brief history of the early settlers of Clinton Township and the founders and ministers of the Clinton Baptist Church has not come down to us.]

The following remarks about the 1915 Pioneer Day celebration are from an article entitled, "Pioneer Day At Clinton Center," that was published in The Wayne Independent in 1935:

> And on that memorable day [August 27, 1915], about 400 people from the immediate vicinity and near-by towns, gathered to witness the unveiling and dedication of this monument [the monument "IN MEMORY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF THIS TOWNSHIP AND THE FOUNDERS AND MINISTERS OF THE CLINTON BAPTIST CHURCH"]. At the cemetery a brief history of the first settlers and the early ministers was given by the chairman, E. M. Peck. [A fragment of this text has come down to us.] After repairing [to] the church auditorium Sheldon Norton gave an interesting and instructive address on his boyhood recollections of these pioneer settlers. [This is the Sheldon Norton text that is given below.]

On the first Pioneer Day, August 27, 1915, Sheldon Norton gave his boyhood recollections. The text of those recollections has come down to us. That text was preserved by Lois T. (Norton) Curtis, and it is from a xerographic copy of Lois Curtis' typed copy of those recollections that the author typed the text that is given below. The text of Sheldon Norton's boyhood recollections that has come down to us is entitled "CLINTON PIONEERS THEIR MEMORY VENERATED by E. M. Peck Pioneer Day Sept. 7, 1915." This text was not written by E. M. Peck. The first and the final paragraphs are written in the third person--most probably written by the person who typed this copy of Sheldon Norton's recollections--and the remainder of the text is written from the first-person perspective of Sheldon Norton. The date on the typed copy that belonged to Lois Curtis, in addition, is in error: Pioneer Day in 1915 was on August 27. The date, September 7, 1915, is probably the date that an account of the 1915 Pioneer Day celebration was published in The Wayne Independent.

In his recollections, Sheldon Norton speaks of the following Clinton Township pioneer families: Peck, Stanton, Stearns, McMullen, Norton, Grennell, Gaylord, Sanders, Griswold. In addition, he refers to the following persons by name: Asa Stanton, Deacon Davenport, Squire West, Alva Norton, Sylvester North, Deacon Rufus Grennell, Reuben Peck, Elder Curtis, Ensign McMullen, Brother Randall, Horace Griswold, David Sanders, Sidney Norton, Milo Gaylord, Samuel Lee, Deacon E. K. Norton, Francis Griswold, Mrs. Francis Griswold, Mrs. Horace Griswold, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. North, Mrs. Alva Norton, Mrs. Reuben Peck, and Mrs. Sheldon Norton.

CLINTON PIONEERS THEIR MEMORY VENERATED

by Sheldon Norton

Pioneer Day, August 27, 1915

The boyhood recollections of Sheldon Norton of Carbondale, a son of Deacon E. K. Norton, an honored member of Clinton Church, contained most interesting references to pioneer settlers.

The elk's horns on Asa Stanton's front porch are one of the land marks in my boyhood days and I have never passed the house in all of the years that are gone without looking for them. The day dreams of hunting elk and Indians were many and the camp fires that have blazed in my imagination are not a few. Was there ever born in a country where the forests were being cut down, a boy that did not long for a frontier life and to be a second Daniel Boone or a Kit Carson?

As I try to write this story of what I saw, or rather how men and things looked to me, there is unraveled a panorama of moving pictures of men and scenes that run so fast that they seem to blend into one picture, but when I think that more than sixty years have passed away and of the thousands of men and pictures I have seen, it is hard to separate the pictures and not look at the past from the stand point of one who has nearly reached the age of three score and ten.

Clinton was settled by people from Massachusetts and Connecticut with the addition of some from Mount Pleasant which was settled at an early period. Pecks, Stantons, Stearns, McMullens, moved from Mt. Pleasant. The Nortons, Grennells, Gaylords, Sanders and Griswolds were from Massachusetts and Connecticut and these with the families from Mt. Pleasant were the ones who came into what then was a wilderness of hemlock, beech and maple and cleared the land so that they could provide food and clothing for themselves and families and to make homes. We often think of the church as being the only divine institution that the all wise Creator has given man but the God given home was established ages before the church and a godly home is yet God's best earthly gift to man and these men were home builders and were the type that built homes when truth, integrity, industry and thrift were taught and the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man were the controlling principles of their lives.

The Clinton Church was not only the religious center but the social center also. I remember the old church or meeting house but dimly. I well remember the storm that destroyed it as the hail stones broke the windows in our home and I was so frightened that I went behind the stove. I also remember Elder Curtis holding services in the grove back of the present meeting house after the old building was destroyed by the cyclone. Elder Curtis to me, was a man to whom God had given the keys of Heaven and could shut or open them as he thought best. As for the sermons, I have no remembrance of them only as they increased my ideas as to his power to punish sin and reward good. With all my boyish fears, I never for a moment doubted that but Elder Curtis was just and whatever he said must be so and right. The prayer meetings were a pleasure to me. I listened more as a lover of music does to the tones and as I close my eyes and look back, I can hear the tones of Bro. Randall, Deacon Davenport, Horace Griswold, David Sanders, Sidney Norton, Milo Gaylord, Deacon Grennell, Samuel Lee and my Father. The prayers were all more or less scriptural but were a true and beautiful tribute to the lives of the men who were making them. Time will only allow me to mention a few of the men who impressed me most, and Francis Griswold stands out as a character that for his time is typical of the men of today who in common language are called captains of industry. He was always up and doing and his energy and push made others work also. What Clinton owes to Francis Griswold we can not tell. He was a power for good in the community not only for its material well being but of its moral and spiritual growth.

Deacon Davenport was a man who impressed me with his dignity and responsibility. What he did could not be questioned because the law as laid down in the book was thus and so.

Deacon Davenport was a man whom everybody respected as it was easy for us boys to see he lived as the law dictated. As his words were governed by the law so was his life. He was a godly man and his words and actions always showed his reverence for the Great Creator.

Squire West was a great reader and probably the most scholarly of any of the early settlers. He was somewhat of a Dr. and I can remember his old fashioned turn keys with which he pulled teeth. I am of the opinion that he very often broke the jaws of his patients. The characteristic of Squire West was his New England thrift. He was never known to forget to save. It is told that when butter was low he would tell his household they must butter thin as they must sell all the butter they could to get money and when butter was high they must butter thin as they must sell as they could while times were good. We may laugh at the thrifft of these olden times, but it was New England thrift that has built our railroads and cities and provided the money to make the wheels go around so that the common people would have work and food.

Alva Norton was one of the original settlers, and was well known in the community as he was not noted for keeping his opinions to himself and was rather radical and prided himself on being a first comer, was not on very friendly terms with some other residents of the place. He was a greater reader and talker than he was a worker. He was not a believer in team work unless he was the team and driver. He was a good man as far as his character was concerned. He was the land surveyor for the community and knew all the corners of the farms and able to settle many questions relating to land lines.

Sylvester North was our near neighbor for years. He was a man everybody liked and he made his home and farm by the work of his own hands. I can well remember when he was telling us boys how worthless and shiftless we were, his eyes would twinkle and he would tell us to go home and go to work. As a boy I often went to his home to dig horse radish and I think Mr. North's words about people and general affairs were somewhat like horse radish, they gave spice and flavor to the life of the settlement. He was ever ready to help anyone in trouble and always carried a hoe when on the highways and for years kept the loose stones out of the roads.

Deacon Rufus Grennell was a true product of the times. He was a man who read and remembered what he read and was the most wonderful Bible student I ever met. He told me he had read the Bible from cover to cover twelve times when he was 14 years old. He was a man of strong opinions but he never forced his opinions on others. In fact he never said very much. When he did say anything he used to put it in very few words. I remember him as one of the least talkative men I ever knew. I have often heard him remark to others "Dwell in the land and surely thou shall be fed." He was of the type of men who have been the back bone of the progress of this County in moral and religious growth. I remember being at a meeting where some young man who was not what he should be was making a long and tearful confession and making promises that he would never more go from the true path again. The Deacon was there and as the young man took his seat, the old Deacon who was seated near the pulpit arose slowly and turned around and calling the young man by name, said, "The devil is not dead yet."

He resumed his seat and that was all he had to say. I remember as a boy playing around his shingle shop, when a young man came to see him and as he talked I finally heard him say he thought he had a call from God to preach. The Deacon did not say anything for some time but kindly calling the man by name said "It might be better for you to go home and hoe potatoes as it might have been some other voice you heard."

The Deacon was very careful not to say anything against others, but at the same time would not vary from the truth.

I remember being out near the road when a man driving a horse and buggy seeing the Deacon stopped and asked him in regard to a man living in the community. Now as the man he asked about was "Good Provider" for his family, he was looked upon by his neighbors as having come very close to committing the unpardonable sin. The Deacon looking at the man

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at 8:15 A.M.

a chilly morning. When I got up, the temperature inside the Hall was around 50° Fahrenheit. I turned on the kerosene heater and then put some water on the "stove" and prepared to bathe. It appears that I will have to supplement my existing heating system if I plan to winter over here. No kerosene heater will not take care of heating the Hall when the temperature gets down in the teens and below. What I think I will have to get is an electric heater of some sort and connect it to a timer so that it will come on & off periodically in the course of the night, and during the day shower & so decide. Two problems that I will have to solve—

(1) my plants will not be able to survive the chilly temperatures that they will be required to submit to if they stay here, (2) liquids in bottles will risk freezing and breaking the bottles if allowed to stand as they are at present. Amusingly, the ink that I use to write these words, and the pen in which the ink is held, can not be allowed to freeze. All of this sounds like a scene out of "La Boheme"! Theron and Erastus Loomis (04-09-1810 -- 12-31-1893) are on my mind this morning -- the former was my maternal grandmother's father and the latter was the brother of my maternal grandmother's paternal grandfather. at any rate, Theron and his uncle Erastus fixed up and moved into a dwelling on the North-South in the Spring of 1871 and they lived there. Theron moved in on April 19 and Erastus was moved in on April 20. How did they heat their home in the winter? Probably a pot-bellied stove, possibly a fireplace. I don't suppose that they had smoothly plastered walls and wallpaper such as I have and so heating the interior was probably more difficult -- they did not. Clearly, I have a room 35'x28'x15' to heat, however. The sun has now come out and the increase